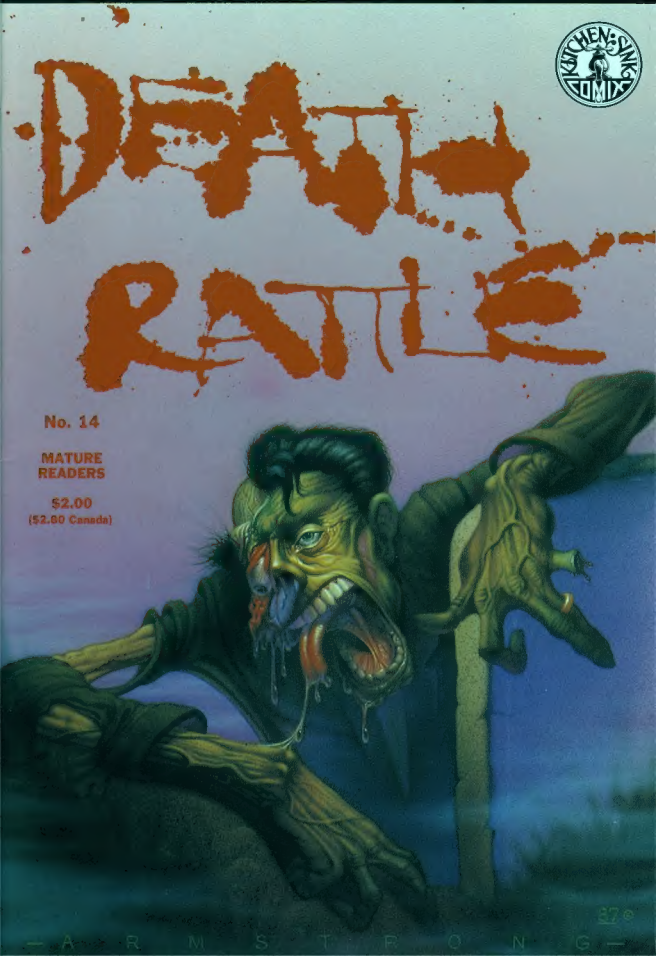
America's Top Horror Comic!



RATTLER

HOLMES • BARON • JAXON • WOLVERTON • ARMSTRONG

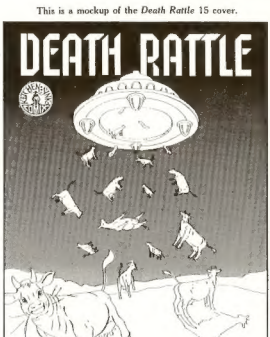
It's winter, so it must be time for **Rand Holmes** to grace the pages of ***Death Rattle*** again! Our own barometer of the seasons, Holmes lives on an island in British Columbia, and during good weather, he works on his homestead. In winter, he's ***ours***, nyah ha ha, one of the few benefits we have during the dark months. For ***Death Rattle*** #14, Rand has teamed once again with **Mike Baron**, who knows what northern winters are all about himself, to produce "Bummer," the story of a Satanic rock concert. Baron insists this ***really happened*** in the strange, weird, corrupt, bizarre (but warm) state of California.

We also welcome back our cover artist, **Dean Armstrong**, who did the memorably ghastly cover of #7. Armstrong, a noted airbrush artist, renders a strangely familiar-looking ghoulish-type for #14. Who ***is*** that guy, anyway?

Jaxon, from the comparative shelter of Texas, reminds us of what heat is like in his latest installment of "Bulto." The Apaches, Comanches and the Spanish interlopers are in overt conflict, marked by the massacre at San Saba. Incidentally, readers of **Jaxon's** wonderful ***Comanche Moon*** graphic novel about the last Comanche warlord, Quanah Parker, know that the San Saba horror is historical fact, as are many of the other particulars in the "Bulto" saga. Who is to say then that the Apache silver god does not carry on in a sparkling cave? Not me.

And once again, we're proud to reprint a classic **Basil Wolverton** tale, this time a "Spacehawk" adventure from a 1940 ***Target*** comic book. You're going to enjoy this one about an interplanetary cop rassling crooked politicians on Mars. Wolverton has the unerring knack to awaken our sense of wonder in his stories, and as a bonus, he tells the "Spacehawk" tales with more than a dash of humor. Imagine, if you will, a Martian snatching purses; or the possible uses of synthetic flesh. Or, for that matter, a politician named Glork. Maybe they should all be named "Glork." They don't tell stories like ***this*** anymore!

This is a mockup of the *Death Rattle* 15 cover.



Next issue: Will be on the stands in March, and will feature a poignant UFO/Cow cover by **Eric Nesheim**, who tips his derby to **Magritte**, and, like Baron, swears his rendering is based on something he himself witnessed. **Jaxon's** "Bulto" segment casts an appraising eye on a depraved Spanish commander. **Bill Hartwig** and **P.S. Mueller** return with a great story, "The Big Day Off." And, we welcome **John Wooley** and **Don Simpson** to the ***Death Rattle*** fold with "The Good Listener," another fine dissection of human nature.

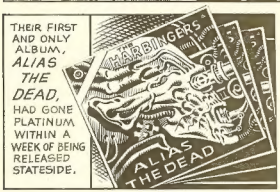
Staff

Editor/Publisher . . . . . **Denis Kitchen**
Story Editor . . . . . **Dave Schreiner**
Production . . . . . **Jan Manweiler**
Circulation . . . . . **Paula Meyer**

Death Rattle No. 14, January 1988. Published bi-monthly by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Cover copyright © 1988 by **Dean Armstrong**; "Bummer" copyright © 1988 by **Mike Baron** and **Rand Holmes**; "Bulto" copyright © 1988 by **Jaxon**; "Spacehawk" reprinted through courtesy of **Basil Wolverton** estate. © 1988. Entire contents copyright © 1988 by **Kitchen Sink Press, Inc.** All rights reserved. Price: $2.00 per copy in U.S., $2.80 in Canada. Submissions **must**, we say must, be accompanied by a **stamped, self-addressed envelope or we will not be responsible for replies or returns! We mean it! No kidding! Fair warning!** Printed in USA. Art Consurvey Scan 01-28-98

BUMMER

IT WAS HUGE–IT WAS COLOSSAL. BY 5 P.M. FRIDAY, CARS WERE BACKED UP 14 MILES ALONG THE 2 LANE ACCESS ROAD. BOWIE WAS THERE – THE 'DEAD' WERE THERE, AND BLACK SABBATH, AND THE FLESHEATERS. AND–GET THIS–THE HEADLINERS–COMING ON AT 10 P.M. SATURDAY NIGHT–WERE THE HARBINGERS.



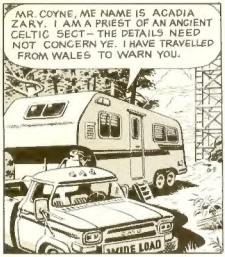
THEIR FIRST AND ONLY ALBUM, *ALIAS THE DEAD*, HAD GONE PLATINUM WITHIN A WEEK OF BEING RELEASED STATESIDE.

BUT THE GROUP WAS RECLUSIVE, THEY REFUSED ALL INTERVIEWS. THEY WERE HOSTILE TO REPORTERS.

BOWIE HEADLINED ON FRIDAY. IT WAS A GREAT SHOW, BUT THE CROWD WASN'T SATISFIED. THERE WAS SOMETHING IN THE AIR– MAYBE IT WAS MARIJUANA SMOKE, SOME QUICKENING OF THE SENSES, AN ATAVISTIC DESIRE TO SEE GARNAGE – THE HINT OF SHEARED COPPER. SOMETHING.

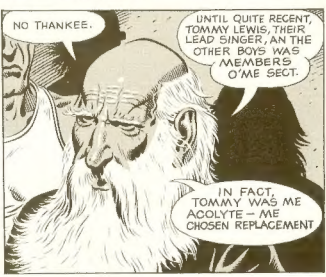
ART: RAND HOLMES **STORY: MIKE BARON**

THE PROMOTER, A 29 YEAR OLD SELF-MADE MILLIONAIRE, AN INVENTOR OF ELECTRONIC GAMES, REMAINED SEQUESTERED IN HIS AIR CONDITIONED HOUSE TRAILER NEGOTIATING FILM SALES.


MR. COYNE, ME NAME IS ACADIA ZARY. I AM A PRIEST OF AN ANCIENT CELTIC SECT – THE DETAILS NEED NOT CONCERN YE. I HAVE TRAVELLED FROM WALES TO WARN YOU.
WIDE LOAD

WARN ME ABOUT WHAT?
NO THANKEE. 'TIS ABOUT THE ROCK BAND THE HARBINGERS.
HISSSS... REEFER?
YE MUST NOT LET THEM PLAY!

SURE, ACADIA. SURE. AND WHY WOULD I WANT TO PULL THE PLUG ON THE HARBINGERS?
BLOW?

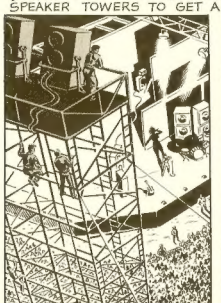

NO THANKEE.
UNTIL QUITE RECENT, TOMMY LEWIS, THEIR LEAD SINGER, AN THE OTHER BOYS WAS MEMBERS O'ME SECT.
IN FACT, TOMMY WAS ME ACOLYTE – ME CHOSEN REPLACEMENT.

THERE WERE STORIES THAT THE HARBINGERS WERE INTO DEVIL WORSHIP, SATANISM...
SNORT
ACH! YE DINNA KNOW WHAT YER SAYIN!

NOW LOOK ACADIA – I CAN SEE YOU BEING UPSET BECAUSE YOUR PRIZE PUPIL DESERTED YOU...
'TIS NOT IT AT ALL.

TOMMY HAS TAKEN CERTAIN TEXTS AND SET THEM TO MUSIC.
TOMMY WENT BAD ON US. HE'S GOIN'TO USE YOUR FESTIVAL HERE TO SUMMON ONE OF THE GREAT TERRORS FROM T'OTHER SIDE.
WHAT?!

DEFYING SECURITY AND COMMON SENSE, SEVERAL PARTY GOERS HAD CLIMBED THE HUGE SPEAKER TOWERS TO GET A BETTER VIEW OF THE HISTORIC MOMENT.

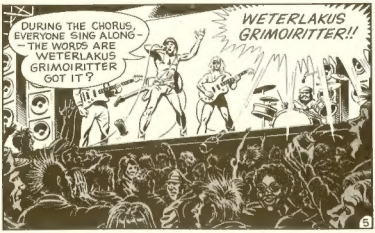


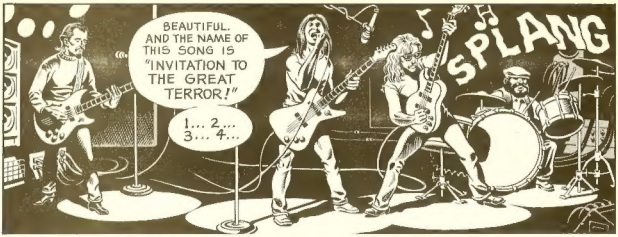
THE HARBINGERS!
YEA
RAHH!

GOOD EVENING. IT'S GOOD TO BE HERE AT LAST. WE'RE THE HARBINGERS...
THANK YOU. WE'RE VERY PLEASED THAT YOU COULD ALL BE PART OF OUR GREAT EXPERIMENT.
YAY!
RAHHH

FOR IF YOU TRULY BELIEVE, TONIGHT YOU WILL WITNESS A MIRACLE.
THIS IS BEING RECORDED.

WE WOULD LIKE TO BEGIN WITH A NEW SONG – A SONG THAT REQUIRES YOUR PARTICIPATION.


DURING THE CHORUS, EVERYONE SING ALONG – – THE WORDS ARE WETERLAKUS GRIMOIRITTER GOT IT?
WETERLAKUS GRIMOIRITTER!!


BEAUTIFUL. AND THE NAME OF THIS SONG IS "INVITATION TO THE GREAT TERROR!"
1... 2... 3... 4...
SPLANG

BARRY HAD GONE ONSTAGE TO WITNESS HIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.
I SURE DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE CLOUDS, MAN.
FORGET IT KIRK. IT'LL HOLD OFF. LOOK AT THIS! THEIR FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE AND I'VE GOT IT ALL ON FILM.

JESUS CHRIST, BARRY! DID YOU SEE THAT?
NO. WHAT?
YAAHHH

FREAKIN' GUY FELL OFF THE SPEAKER TOWER!
STUPID BASTARD.
BRUM-RUMBLE
KA-TAK-KRAK
WETERLAKUS GRIMOIRITTER
WETERLAKUS GRIMOIRITTER

KRAK
KA BOOM
BARRY WAS STANDING JUST CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR WHAT TOMMY LEWIS *DIDN'T* SAY INTO THE MIKE.
MY LORD WETERLAKUS, ACCEPT THIS HUMANITY AS MY GIFT TO YOU.
7

LORD WETERLAKUS ACCEPTS.

NOT ME, LORD WETERLAKUS! *NOT ME!!*

SUNDAY'S PROGRAM WAS CANCELLED. THERE HAD BEEN 94 DEATHS, MOST OF THEM CAUSED BY THE STAMPEDE SAT. NIGHT, AS PEOPLE TRIED TO FLEE WHAT JOURNALISTS CALLED 'A MASS HALLUCINATION.'

THERE'D BEEN A LOT OF BAD ACID GOING AROUND.

BARRY COYNE WENT INTO SECLUSION.

TIME FOR OUR MEDICINE MR. COYNE.

RADIOLOGY

NO TRACE OF EITHER THE MYSTERIOUS OLD MAN, OR THE HISTORIC TAPES WERE EVER DISCOVERED.

THE HARBINGERS SIMPLY DISAPPEARED. NO FURTHER RECORDINGS WERE RELEASED.

Sale YOUR CHOICE 1¢

THE HARBINGERS

UGANDAN FOLK SONGS

Sing a

MITCH MILLE

CUT OUTS

AS ROCK CONCERTS GO, IT HAD BEEN A BUMMER. NINETY FOUR DEATHS – AND ONLY ONE BIRTH.

GA-GA. GRIMOIRITTER.

END

Bulto

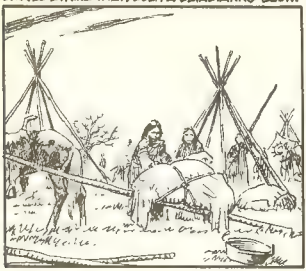
STAINED HONOR

AFTER THE MASSACRE AT MISSION SAN SABÁ BECAME KNOWN, ALL OF TEXAS WAITED FOR THE AXE TO FALL.

En el nombre del Padre, del Hijo, y del Espíritu Santo.

MANY OF OUR SOLDIERS DESERTED, LEAVING THEIR FAMILIES BEHIND. CITIZENS OF BÉXAR CLOGGED THE BAHÍA ROAD, HEADING FOR THE COAST — ANYWHERE TO ESCAPE THE FIERCE NORTHERN TRIBES.

EVEN THE APACHES RAN AWAY, LEST THE NORTEÑOS SHOULD STRIKE THEM SUCH A DEVASTATING BLOW.



PARRILLA, FRANTIC, BEGGED TO MOVE HIS MEN TO LOS ALMAGRES AND ITS UNTAPPED WEALTH.

BUT THE ROYAL COUNCIL GOT DON JOSEF TO TALKING ABOUT WHAT WE WANTED TO LEAVE BEHIND.

THE CONCLUSION: SAN SABA WAS TOO RICH TO BE ABANDONED!

PARRILLA TRIED TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

HE SENT ME AND DON JOSEF TO LURE BACK HIS APACHE "ALLIES."

BROTHERS! OUR THOUGHTS ARE TROUBLED.. OUR HEARTS GRIEVE..

MOST OF ALL HE STARTED AGITATING FOR A FULL-SCALE CAMPAIGN AGAINST LOS NORTEÑOS SO WE COULD FREELY WORK THE MINE.

SHOW THE VICEROY THIS — MAYBE IT'LL CONVINCE HIM.

NOW THAT FRAY TERREROS WAS DEAD, THE BÉXAR MISSIONARIES TOOK AN INTEREST IN OUR PLIGHT.

HIS COUSIN'S CONTRACT IS STILL BINDING, PROVIDED OUR WORK BE AMONG THE APACHES!

THEY SIGNED A PETITION ENDORSING PARRILLA'S PROPOSED CAMPAIGN AND FATHER LOPEZ CAME UP TO INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION.

WE STARTED THE CONVERSION OF THESE INDIANS AND WE'LL FINISH IT!

LOPEZ, WHO WAS KNOWLEDGABLE ABOUT MINING, VISITED THE CAVE OFTEN.

BETTER PUT SOME TIMBERS OVER HERE.

I TOOK HIM OUT MANY TIMES TO HUNT FOR LITTLE CAVES WHERE OUR MOUNTING STACK OF INGOTS COULD BE STORED UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO SEND THEM SOUTHWARD

DIEGO, MY SON, PAPER IS PERISHABLE

.. AND WATCHED AS HE FASHIONED DISCS OF COPPER TO MARK THE HIDING PLACES.

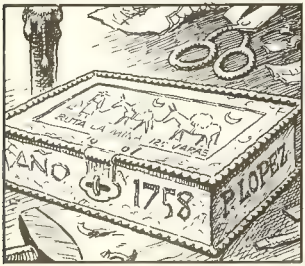
NO USE TO COMMIT SECRETS LIKE THESE TO MERE PAPER!

LOAD AFTER LOAD OF SILVER BARS WE CACHED IN THESE REMOTE SPOTS, THE PRIEST RECORDING EACH WITH HIS TIME-DEFIANT PLAQUES.

PRESERVE THIS SYMBOL, OH LORD, FROM THE GRASP OF UNCLEAN HANDS..

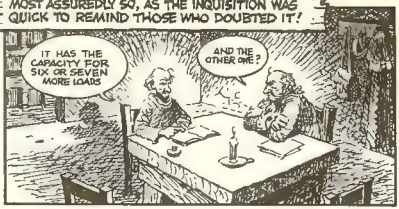
ALRIGHT NOW, LET'S GET THIS CAVE ENTRANCE SEALED UP.

TO IDENTIFY MAJOR SITES LOPEZ FASHIONED MORE ELABORATE MEANS, SUCH AS METAL BOXES.



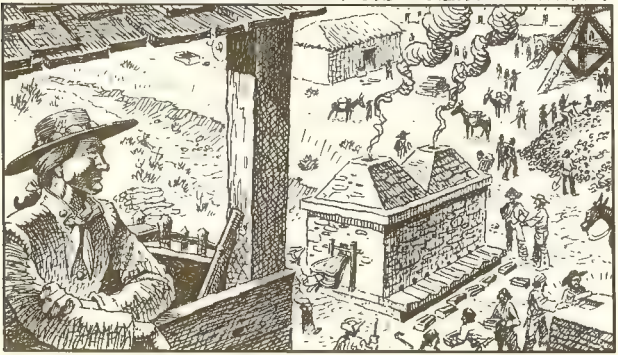
INSIDE HE WOULD PLACE A CRUCIFIX, A ROSARY, OR SOME CLUE RELAYED TO HIS SUPERIORS.

CAPTAIN PARRILLA, WHOSE TIME WAS CONSUMED BY HIS DEFENSIVE MEASURES, WELCOMED LOPEZ'S ZEALOUSNESS. WERE NOT THE INTERESTS OF CHURCH AND STATE THE *SAME* IN HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY'S REALM ??



DURING THE LULL AFTER THE MASSACRE, **TONS** OF ORE WERE TAKEN FROM THE CAVES NEAR SAN SABA'. AN ESPECIALLY RICH STRIKE WAS MADE AT BADEÑA de PLATA, VERY CLOSE BY.

I MYSELF SAT IN THE CROW'S NEST AND WATCHED THE SMELTER WORK. ITS FLOW OF SLAG SOON GLISTENED THE ARROYO WITH A SILVER SCUM; WE DID NOT EVEN BOTHER TO RECOVER IT.

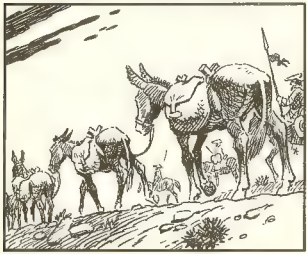


I SAW THE MULES BEING LOADED WITH HEAVY BARS...

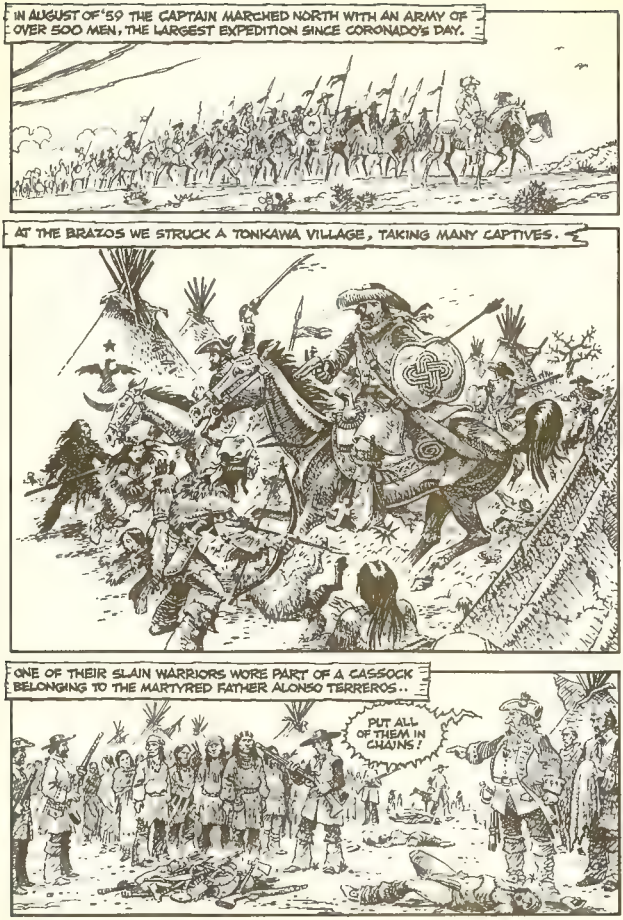
AND HELPED BLINDFOLD THE DROVERS SO ONLY FRAY LOPEZ WOULD KNOW THEIR DESTINATION.

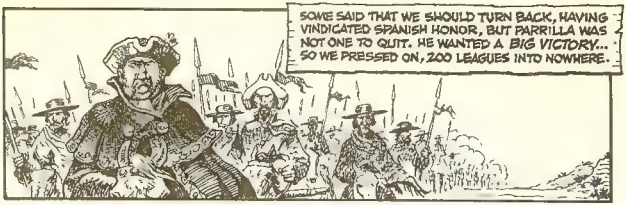
WHEN THEY RETURNED, THE LEATHER-BOUND BOOK THAT THE PRIEST CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND WOULD CONTAIN A NEW MAP, NEW ENTRIES.

NOT ALL THE SILVER WAS HIDDEN. A FEW PACKTRAINS WENT SOUTH— ENOUGH TO KEEP THE VICEREGAL AUTHORITIES' GREED ALIVE.

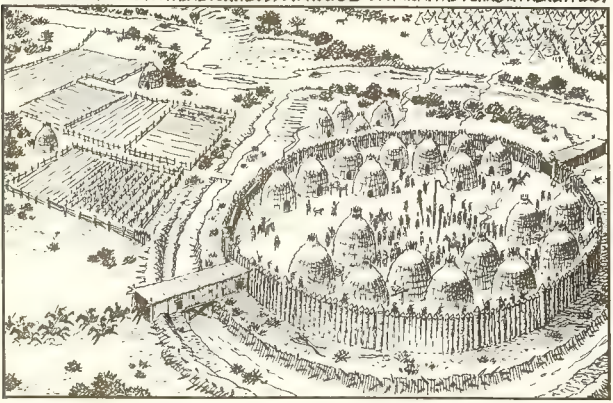


THUS PARRILLA'S IDEA OF A *BIG CAMPAIGN* FOUND FAVOR WITH THE VICEROY. THE HOSTILES MUST BE PUNISHED, THE MINES SAVED.


IN AUGUST OF '59 THE CAPTAIN MARCHED NORTH WITH AN ARMY OF OVER 500 MEN, THE LARGEST EXPEDITION SINCE CORONADO'S DAY.
AT THE BRAZOS WE STRUCK A TONKAWA VILLAGE, TAKING MANY CAPTIVES.
ONE OF THEIR SLAIN WARRIORS WORE PART OF A CASSOCK BELONGING TO THE MARTYRED FATHER ALONSO TERREROS..
PUT ALL OF THEM IN CHAINS!

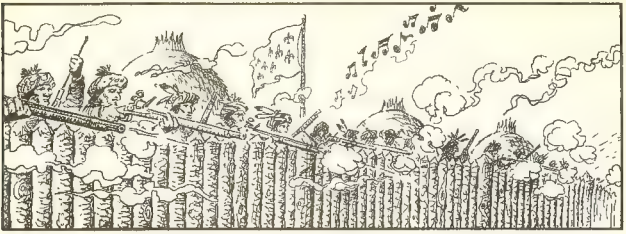


BY MID-OCTOBER WE REACHED THE RED RIVER AND BEHELD A STARTLING SIGHT: NO LITTLE HIDE-COVERED CAMP BUT A REAL FORTRESS, SURROUNDED BY A MOAT AND FLYING A FRENCH FLAG!

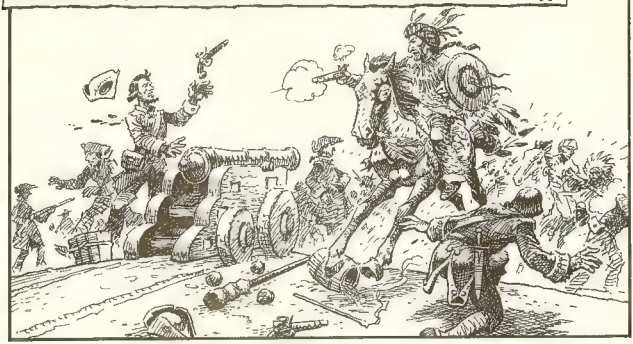


TIME AND AGAIN WE CHARGED THOSE STOUT WALLS BUT ALWAYS WITH THE SAME RESULT.

AS THEIR GUNS RAINED DEATH DOWN UPON US, WE HEARD DRUMS AND FIFES PLAYING MERRILY.

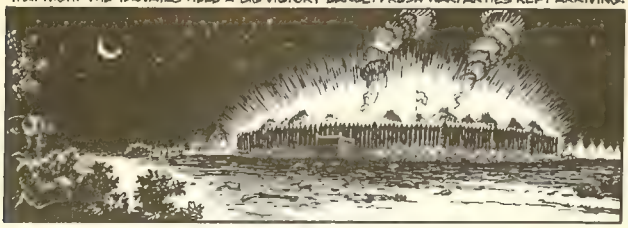


WHEN WE BROUGHT UP OUR CANNON THE INDIANS *HOOTED* AT ITS INEFFECTUAL NOISE AND DROVE US FROM THE FIELD WITH A WELL-DISCIPLINED ASSAULT.



ONLY DARKNESS SAVED OUR SCATTERED FORCE FROM TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

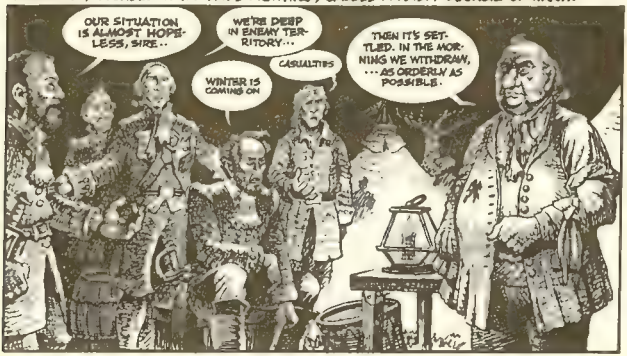
THAT NIGHT THE TAOVAYAS HELD A BIG VICTORY DANCE. FRESH WARPARTIES KEPT ARRIVING.



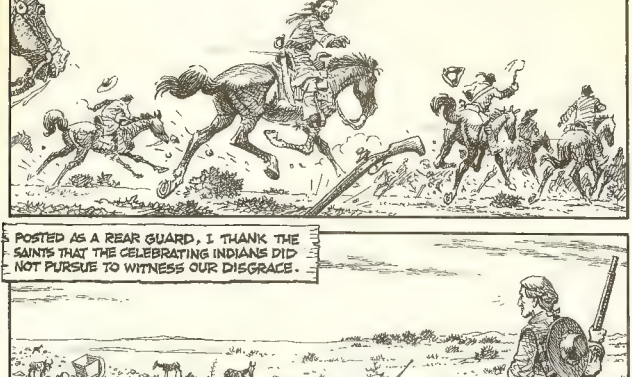
THEN, AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR ONE-HANDED SHAMAN, OUR APACHE ALLIES ABANDONED US.

THEY WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES TO SLINK AWAY FROM SUCH A FORMIDABLE FOE.

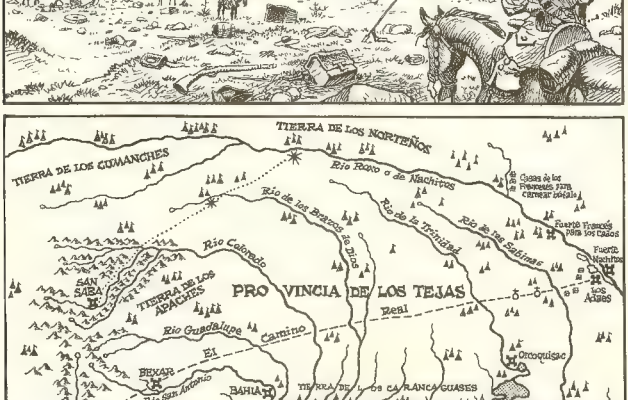
PARRILLA, WOUNDED IN THE DAY'S FIGHTING, CALLED A HASTY COUNCIL OF WAR...

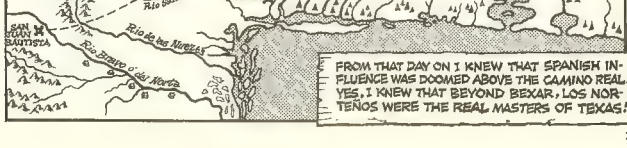


I WILL NOT LIE TO YOU MY FRIENDS... IT WAS NO ORDERLY RETREAT.



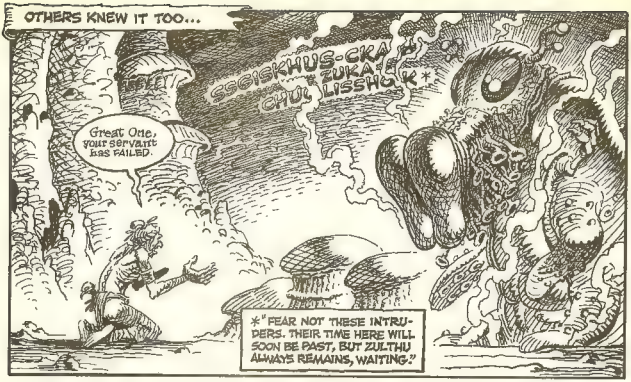
POSTED AS A REAR GUARD, I THANK THE SAINTS THAT THE CELEBRATING INDIANS DID NOT PURSUE TO WITNESS OUR DISGRACE.



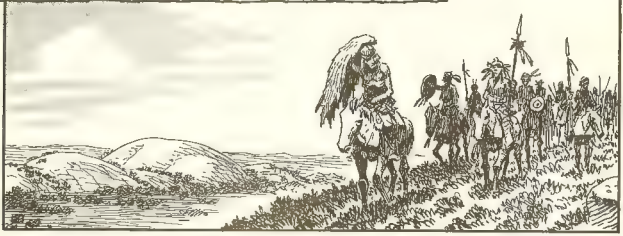


FROM THAT DAY ON I KNEW THAT SPANISH INFLUENCE WAS DOOMED ABOVE THE CAMINO REAL. YES, I KNEW THAT BEYOND BEXAR, LOS NORTEÑOS WERE THE REAL MASTERS OF TEXAS!

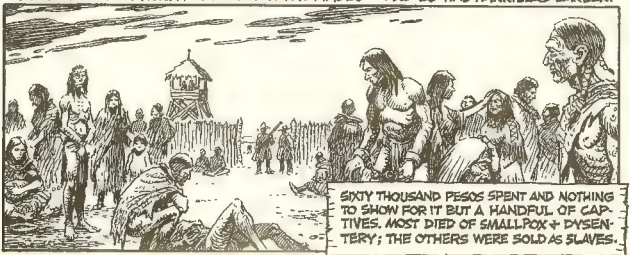
OTHERS KNEW IT TOO...



IN SADNESS THE FARAÓN SHAMAN LED HIS PEOPLE AWAY, THEIR SACRED MOUNTAINS NOW IN SACRILEGIOUS HANDS.

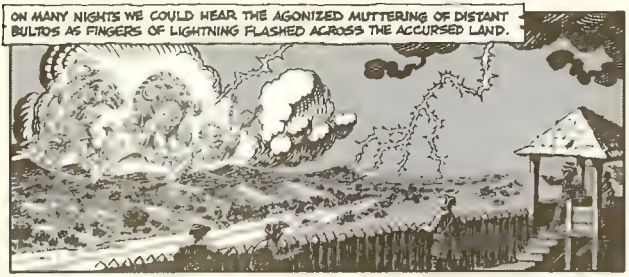


OUR MORALE WAS BROKEN BY THE RED RIVER FIASCO — AND SO WAS PARRILLA'S CAREER!



THE CAPTAIN RODE SOUTH TO DEFEND HIMSELF BEFORE THE ROYAL TRIBUNAL BUT HE NEVER RETURNED TO TEXAS, NOR DID HE PROFIT FROM THE RICH MINES HE HAD LABORED TO ESTABLISH.

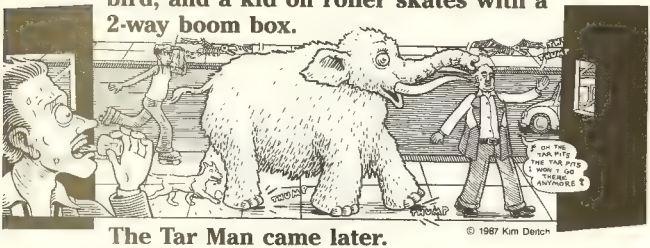
WE REMAINED BEHIND, CUT OFF FROM OUTSIDE HELP, LEFT TO DIE IN OUR MISERABLE PRESIDIO.



To be Continued..

jaxon · 87

Myles Mycroft looked up one day and saw Larry Farrel being followed by a giant mastodon, a ghostly canine, a skeletal bird, and a kid on roller skates with a 2-way boom box.



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The Tar Man came later.

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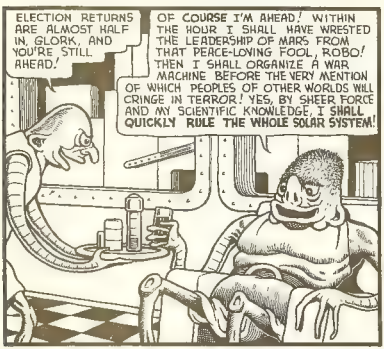
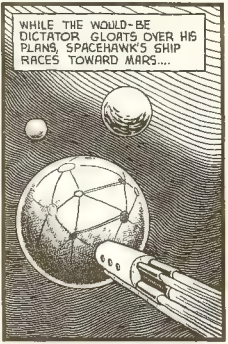
SPACEHAWK

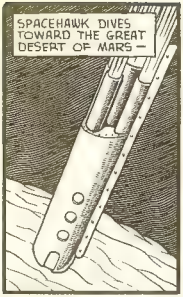
THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME

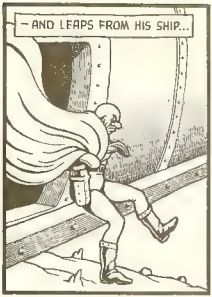
by BASIL WOLVERTON

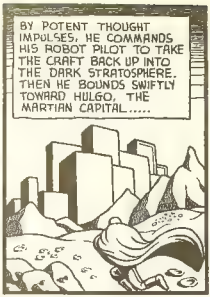




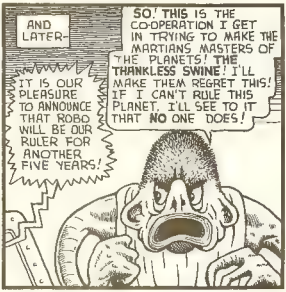
Art Carbonetto Scan


SPACEHAWK DIVES TOWARD THE GREAT DESERT OF MARS—


—AND LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP...


BY POTENT THOUGHT IMPULSES, HE COMMANDS HIS ROBOT PILOT TO TAKE THE CRAFT BACK UP INTO THE DARK STRATOSPHERE. THEN HE BOUNDS SWIFTLY TOWARD HULGO, THE MARTIAN CAPITAL.....

MEANWHILE—GLORK HEARS MORE ELECTION RESULTS
—ROBO IS NOW LEADING BY MORE THAN $7 MILLION!
THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE! MY MEN HAVE THREATENED THE PEOPLE OF EVERY COMMUNITY! HOW DARE THEY VOTE FOR ROBO!

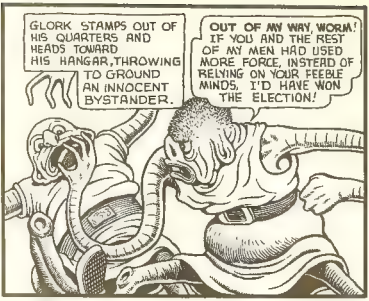

AND LATER—
IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THAT ROBO WILL BE OUR RULER FOR ANOTHER FIVE YEARS!
SO! THIS IS THE CO-OPERATION I GET IN TRYING TO MAKE THE MARTIANS MASTERS OF THE PLANETS! THE THANKLESS SWINE! I'LL MAKE THEM REGRET THIS! IF I CAN'T RULE THIS PLANET, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT NO ONE DOES!

JUST AS I THOUGHT, GLORK! YOU CAN'T TAKE A BEATING WITHOUT GETTING SORE!
2

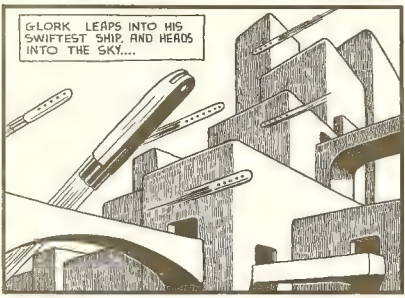
WHAT! WHY YOU INSOLENT DOG! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE? I'LL MURDER YOU... YOU— SAY-WHO ARE YOU?

WITH ONE LIGHTNING MOVEMENT, SPACEHAWK FLICKS THE WEAPON ASIDE, AND SEIZES GLORK.
LISTEN, GLORK! IF YOU CAN'T COOL OFF WITHOUT TAKING YOUR SPITE OUT ON YOUR OWN PEOPLE, GET OFF THIS PLANET RIGHT NOW! OTHERWISE YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE CHANCE TO LEAVE!

BY THE TIME GLORK RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE, SPACEHAWK IS GONE.....
WHO DOES THAT MUSCLE-BOUND OAF THINK HE IS — ANOTHER SPACEHAWK? I'LL SHOW HIM THAT I, GLORK, CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED!

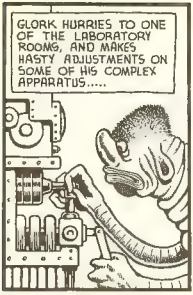

GLORK STAMPS OUT OF HIS QUARTERS AND HEADS TOWARD HIS HANGAR, THROWING TO GROUND AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.
OUT OF MY WAY, WORM! IF YOU AND THE REST OF MY MEN HAD USED MORE FORCE, INSTEAD OF RELYING ON YOUR FEEBLE MINDS, I'D HAVE WON THE ELECTION!

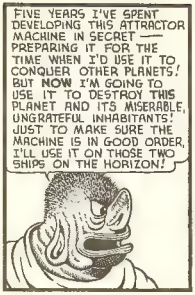
I SWEAR THIS IS THE LAST TIME I TAKE ANY MORE OF THAT KIND OF TREATMENT FROM HIM!

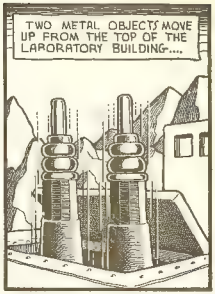

GLORK LEAPS INTO HIS SWIFTEST SHIP, AND HEADS INTO THE SKY....

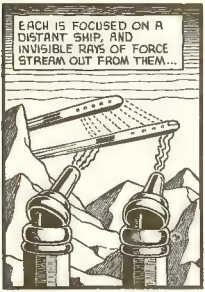
SOON HE ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY — A PLACE ALSO USED AS A HANGOUT FOR HIS MEN....

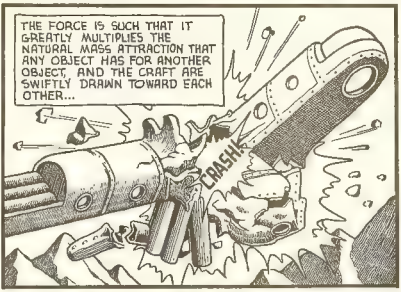
HERE COMES GLORK!
HE'LL BE PLENTY SORE BECAUSE OF LOSING THE ELECTION! WE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!
WE WERE CRAZY TO THINK HE'D EVER WIN! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SNATCHING PURSES!
HIS OWN MEN FEAR THE COMING OF GLORK!

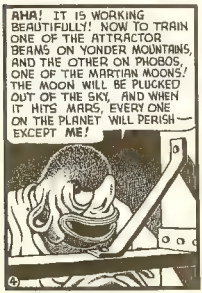

GLORK HURRIES TO ONE OF THE LABORATORY ROOMS, AND MAKES HASTY ADJUSTMENTS ON SOME OF HIS COMPLEX APPARATUS.....

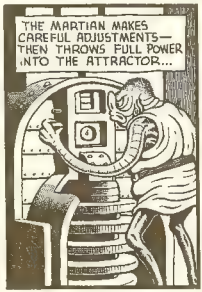

FIVE YEARS I'VE SPENT DEVELOPING THIS ATTRACTOR MACHINE IN SECRET — PREPARING IT FOR THE TIME WHEN I'D USE IT TO CONQUER OTHER PLANETS! BUT NOW I'M GOING TO USE IT TO DESTROY THIS PLANET AND ITS MISERABLE, UNGRATEFUL INHABITANTS! JUST TO MAKE SURE THE MACHINE IS IN GOOD ORDER, I'LL USE IT ON THOSE TWO SHIPS ON THE HORIZON!

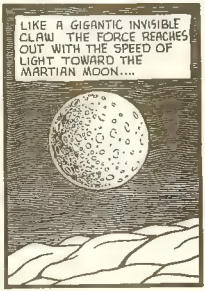

TWO METAL OBJECTS MOVE UP FROM THE TOP OF THE LABORATORY BUILDING....

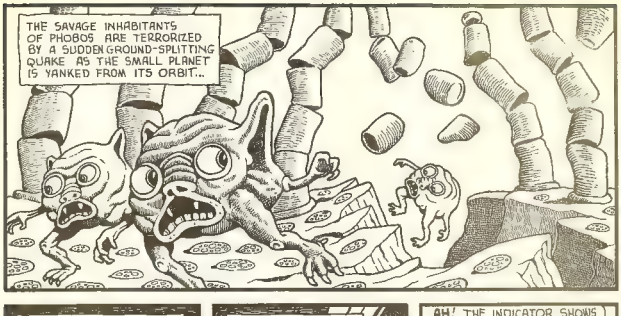

EACH IS FOCUSED ON A DISTANT SHIP, AND INVISIBLE RAYS OF FORCE STREAM OUT FROM THEM...

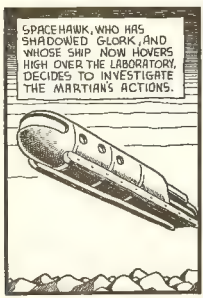

THE FORCE IS SUCH THAT IT GREATLY MULTIPLIES THE NATURAL MASS ATTRACTION THAT ANY OBJECT HAS FOR ANOTHER OBJECT, AND THE CRAFT ARE SWIFTLY DRAWN TOWARD EACH OTHER...
CRASH!


AHA! IT IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY! NOW TO TRAIN ONE OF THE ATTRACTOR BEAMS ON YONDER MOUNTAINS, AND THE OTHER ON PHOBOS, ONE OF THE MARTIAN MOONS! THE MOON WILL BE PLUCKED OUT OF THE SKY, AND WHEN IT HITS MARS, EVERY ONE ON THE PLANET WILL PERISH — EXCEPT ME!

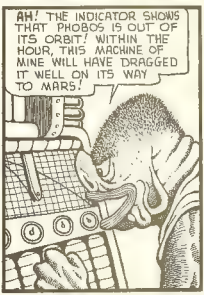

THE MARTIAN MAKES CAREFUL ADJUSTMENTS — THEN THROWS FULL POWER INTO THE ATTRACTOR...

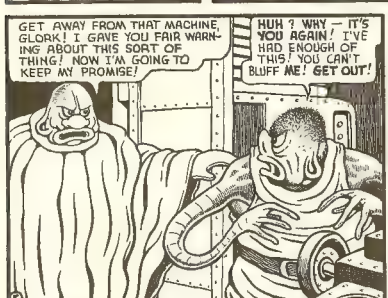

LIKE A GIGANTIC INVISIBLE CLAW THE FORCE REACHES OUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT TOWARD THE MARTIAN MOON....


THE SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF PHOBOS ARE TERRORIZED BY A SUDDEN GROUND-SPLITTING QUAKE AS THE SMALL PLANET IS YANKED FROM ITS ORBIT...


SPACEHAWK, WHO HAS SHADOWED GLORK, AND WHOSE SHIP NOW HOVERS HIGH OVER THE LABORATORY, DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THE MARTIAN'S ACTIONS.

SWIFT AS A BULLET HE DESCENDS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE...


AH! THE INDICATOR SHOWS THAT PHOBOS IS OUT OF ITS ORBIT! WITHIN THE HOUR, THIS MACHINE OF MINE WILL HAVE DRAGGED IT WELL ON ITS WAY TO MARS!


GET AWAY FROM THAT MACHINE, GLORK! I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING! NOW I'M GOING TO KEEP MY PROMISE!
HUH ? WHY — IT'S YOU AGAIN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME! GET OUT!
5

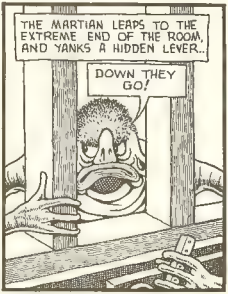
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT SIGNAL BUTTON, GLORK!

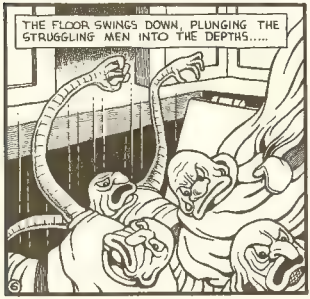
BUT ALREADY GLORK HAS PRESSED THE BUTTON, AND ALARM LIGHTS FLASH THRU-OUT THE BUILDING.
GLORK IS GIVING US A CALL FOR HELP FROM THE SPECIAL EQUIPMENT ROOM! LET'S GO!

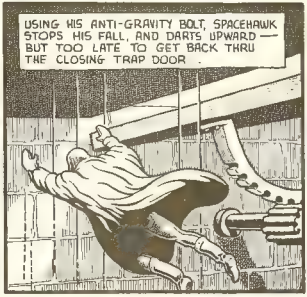
NOW I'LL JUST REVERSE THIS FORCE YOU HAVE HERE, AND SPOIL YOUR MOON-PULLING TRICK!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW CAN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M DOING?

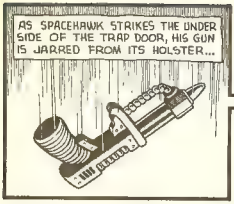
BEFORE SPACEHAWK CAN CHANGE THE CONTROLS, GLORK'S MEN SUDDENLY SWARM UPON HIM.

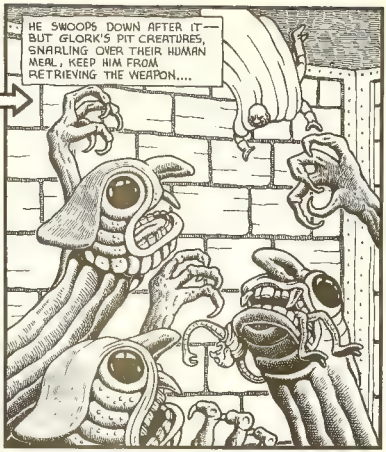
I'LL GET RID OF ALL OF THEM RIGHT NOW! THE CREATURES IN THE PIT BELOW HAVEN'T HAD A FULL MEAL IN A LONG TIME!


THE MARTIAN LEAPS TO THE EXTREME END OF THE ROOM, AND YANKS A HIDDEN LEVER.
DOWN THEY GO!


THE FLOOR SWINGS DOWN, PLUNGING THE STRUGGLING MEN INTO THE DEPTHS.....

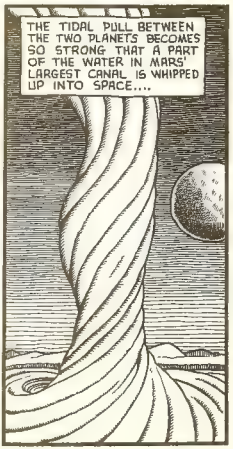

USING HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BOLT, SPACEHAWK STOPS HIS FALL, AND DARTS UPWARD — BUT TOO LATE TO GET BACK THRU THE CLOSING TRAP DOOR .


AS SPACEHAWK STRIKES THE UNDER SIDE OF THE TRAP DOOR, HIS GUN IS JARRED FROM ITS HOLSTER...


HE SWOOPS DOWN AFTER IT— BUT GLORK'S PIT CREATURES, SNARLING OVER THEIR HUMAN MEAL, KEEP HIM FROM RETRIEVING THE WEAPON....

I DON'T LIKE TO BE RECOGNIZED, BECAUSE MY ENEMIES TRY ALL THE HARDER TO KILL ME — BUT THIS DISGUISE IS TOO UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE TOUGH JOB I'LL HAVE TEARING MY WAY OUT OF HERE!

MEANWHILE, MOST OF THE PEOPLE OF MARS ARE TERROR-STRICKEN AS THEY SEE THE MOON LOOMING LARGER AND LARGER IN THE SKY....
WE'RE LOST!


THE TIDAL PULL BETWEEN THE TWO PLANETS BECOMES SO STRONG THAT A PART OF THE WATER IN MARS' LARGEST CANAL IS WHIPPED UP INTO SPACE....

THOUSANDS TAKE TO THE SKIES IN OVER-CROWDED SHIPS, BUT THE MASSES CAN ONLY STAY AND AWAIT THEIR FATE.....

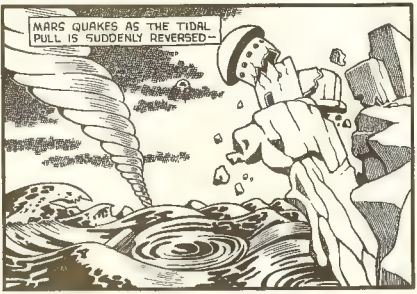
ONLY A LITTLE LONGER, AND MARS WILL BE A SHATTERED, BLOOD-SOAKED PLANET! I'D BETTER GET MY VALUABLES AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
GLORK PREPARES TO LEAVE AS HIS DESTRUCTION OF MARS CONTINUES.

BENEATH THE FLOOR, SPACEHAWK'S GREAT STRENGTH FINALLY ENABLES HIM TO TEAR OUT A PART OF THE TRAP DOOR MECHANISM...

THE FLOOR FALLS OPEN, AND SPACEHAWK CAUTIOUSLY ASCENDS INTO THE LABORATORY....

GONE! I HATE TO LET HIM ESCAPE, BUT I MUST REVERSE THE ATTRACTOR BEAM FORCE RIGHT AWAY!

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN MIND QUICKLY ABSORBS THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MACHINE, AND HE SWIFTLY MAKES ADJUSTMENTS....
THERE! THAT SHOULD SOON SHOVE PHOBOS BACK INTO ITS ORBIT!


MARS QUAKES AS THE TIDAL PULL IS SUDDENLY REVERSED--

RETURNING TO TAKE ANOTHER LOAD OF VALUABLES TO HIS SHIP, GLORK IS AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES....

SPACEHAWK! IT WAS YOU—IN DISGUISE!

RIGHT! I'VE REVERSED YOUR ATTRACTOR'S POWER, GLORK! PHOBOS WILL SOON BE ON ITS WAY BACK, AND A FEW BILLION PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE PRETTY ANGRY WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED!

YOU MEDDLING SPY! THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT THRU YOU! TRY TO ESCAPE THIS!

SPACEHAWK DODGES WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, AND POUNCES ON THE MARTIAN.

I SHOULDN'T WISH TO BE IN YOUR SHOES WHEN I DELIVER YOU TO THE MARTIAN COUNCIL!

NO! GIVE ME A CHANCE! THEY'D BURN ME ALIVE IN THE SULPHUR PITS!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO CAST YOU LOOSE IN THE INSECT HILLS! THE VULTURE FLIES WOULD WORK ON YOU A LONG TIME BEFORE YOU'D DIE!

SPARE ME THAT DEATH! DON'T TAKE ME THERE!

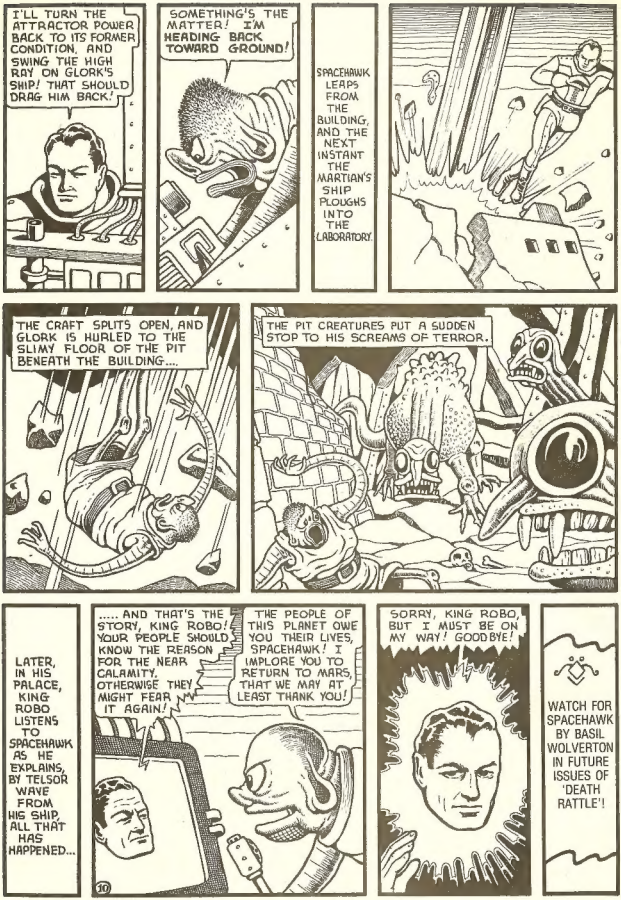
MAD WITH FEAR, THE MARTIAN TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE, AND STREAKS OUT THE DOOR....

RUN WHILE YOU CAN, YOU YELLOW RAT! YOU'RE NOT GOING FAR!

HA! THIS IS ONE TIME THE GREAT SPACEHAWK WON'T GET WHAT HE'S AFTER!

GLORK RACES TO HIS WAITING SHIP.

GLORK STREAKS STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY.....


I'LL TURN THE ATTRACTOR POWER BACK TO ITS FORMER CONDITION, AND SWING THE HIGH RAY ON GLORK'S SHIP! THAT SHOULD DRAG HIM BACK!
SOMETHING'S THE MATTER! I'M HEADING BACK TOWARD GROUND!
SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM THE BUILDING, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE MARTIAN'S SHIP PLOUGHS INTO THE LABORATORY.
THE CRAFT SPLITS OPEN, AND GLORK IS HURLED TO THE SLIMY FLOOR OF THE PIT BENEATH THE BUILDING....
THE PIT CREATURES PUT A SUDDEN STOP TO HIS SCREAMS OF TERROR.
LATER, IN HIS PALACE, KING ROBO LISTENS TO SPACEHAWK AS HE EXPLAINS, BY TELSOR WAVE FROM HIS SHIP, ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED...
..... AND THAT'S THE STORY, KING ROBO! YOUR PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THE REASON FOR THE NEAR CALAMITY. OTHERWISE THEY MIGHT FEAR IT AGAIN!
THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET OWE YOU THEIR LIVES, SPACEHAWK! I IMPLORE YOU TO RETURN TO MARS, THAT WE MAY AT LEAST THANK YOU!
10
SORRY, KING ROBO, BUT I MUST BE ON MY WAY! GOODBYE!
WATCH FOR SPACEHAWK BY BASIL WOLVERTON IN FUTURE ISSUES OF 'DEATH RATTLE'!

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History of "Ev'ry Little Bug"

The song first saw the light of day in *The Spirit* section of June 9, 1946, in the story "Pool's Toadstool Facial Cream," or "Love Comes to The Spirit." It was written by Will Eisner for Gam, a piano player, to noodle while the action spun around him. The song became a running gag in following sections, being sung by, among others, Parelli (with Italian accent), Murmansk Manny (Russian) and Robert Merrill (light opera). It was finally adopted by Ebony as his theme of unrequited love. In "Ev'ry Little Bug," of April 7, 1947, the song was finally set to music, by Bill Harr, and the sheet music was printed at the end of the story. No one has ever recorded the song that was on everyone's lips in Central City in 1946 and 1947—until now!